

The wreck of the steamship Berlin is the most terrible disaster that has befallen British shipping since the loss of the Drummond Castle in 1896. The vessel sailed from Harwich at 10 o'clock on the night of February 20, and after a stormy passage she was driven ashore on the North Pier at the Hook of Holland. When she stranded, the Berlin was endeavoring to enter what is known as the New Waterway at the mouth of the River Maas. As soon as the vessel struck she parted amidships, and the fore-part went down with the greater number of the

passengers and crew. The after-part stranded just outside the pier, and 14 survivors clung to the wreckage. Of these 11 were rescued by the superhuman exertions of the lifeboat men, who were directed by Prince Henry of the Netherlands; and the next day, by the splendid heroism of Captain Sperling, a diver who organized an independent rescue party, the wreck was again reached, and the three remaining survivors, all women, were brought ashore. One passenger, Captain Parkinson, was rescued soon after the vessel went ashore. In all, 127 persons perished in this heartrending calamity.

TWO PICTURES.

An old farmhouse, with meadows wide, And sweet with clover on each side; A bright-eyed boy, who looks from out The door with woodbine wreathed about And wishes his one thought all day: "Oh, if I could but fly away From this dull spot, the world to see, How happy, happy, happy, How happy I should be!"

Amid the city's constant din, A man who round the world has been, Who, mid the tumult and the throng, Is thinking, thinking all day long: "Oh, could I only tread once more The field-path to the farmhouse door, The old, green meadow could I see, How happy, happy, happy, How happy I should be!" —Annie D. Green.

The Awakening of a Soul.

"You have never been in love, Miss Heath?" The manager tilted back his chair comfortably, rubbed his hands softly together and watched his companion narrowly, a curious light in his keen, black eyes.



"There is still one hope for you." My work will not allow me to think of such worldly things, with a faint smile. "But why do you ask?"

Samuel Chandler laid his handkerchief on his knee, folded it methodically three times, tucked it in his pocket and then said slowly and with great decision: "Because your work makes it so very apparent to me. Your technique is perfect, you have undoubted talent, but your acting lacks soul; you cannot reach and hold an audience breathless, try as you will."

There was a long, painful silence, broken only by the sounds from the street below, which were irritatingly audible. When the girl spoke her voice sounded strangely muffled and unnatural.

"I understand. After all these years of labor, of self-sacrifice, of weary, hopeless loneliness, I am still a failure as an actress. You are right—my work lacks soul; I am conscious of it, always, and now I suppose the time has come for me to realize the hopelessness of it all, and give up my loved work forever."

"That is needless." The girl gave a quick, impatient gesture, and her fair white brow wrinkled into a frown. "Why should I go on in this way, day after day and month after month, always aware that I will never attain any real result?"

"There is still one hope for you," "And that?" "You must go away from here for about three months; away from all these professional associations—far up into the mountains of New Hampshire. And you must meet some man whom it will be possible for you to persuade yourself you are in love with. Better still, if you can really care for him. Make a god out of him—worship him—be jealous of his every look during these months. Then when you return to your work you will very easily forget him. If you will follow my instructions, when you come back to me you will be an actress. Unless you do so, you are utterly impossible."

The girl walked over to the window and tapped nervously against the glass. Her eyes were big and expectant when she turned to her companion again, and there was a wistful little droop to her warm red lips.

NOTED THEOSOPHIST DEAD.

Passing Away in India of Col. Henry Steel Olcott.

Col. Henry Steel Olcott, who, with Madame Blavatsky, founded the Theosophical Society, died recently at his home in Madras, India. Col. Olcott was one of the few white men who ever wore the sacred thread of the Brahmin caste. He won this by his work for the revival of Hindu philosophy. In recognition of his services in this direction one of the most learned pundits of India, Taranath Tarka Vachaspathi, the compiler of a Sanskrit dictionary, not only gave him the sacred Brahmin thread, but adopted him into his own gotra—a most unusual honor. Aside from his work as a scholar in India, Col. Olcott nearly thirty years ago started an educational movement in Ceylon for the benefit of the Buddhists, which caused the establishment of 250 schools and three colleges, with 30,000 pupils at the present time. He also founded four free schools for the pariah outcasts, attended last year by nearly 2,000 pupils.

Col. Olcott was born in Orange, N. J., in 1832 and was a graduate of the College of the City of New York. In 1853 he became the agricultural editor of the New York Tribune. During the war he gave up his newspaper work and acted in special capacities for both the Army and Navy Departments, rising to the rank of Colonel. Just after the close of the war he was admitted to the bar and in 1878 was commissioned by the President to report on trade conditions between this country and India.

In 1875, when the theosophical craze had obtained a good foothold in this country, Col. Olcott, who had long been a student of its teachings, was one of the most earnest apostles of the movement here. With Mme. Blavatsky he founded in New York the Theosophical Society, which now has its headquarters in India. He was the author of several works.

THE HEART OF BRUCE.

Princess Clementine, Politician and Mother of Two Noted Sons.

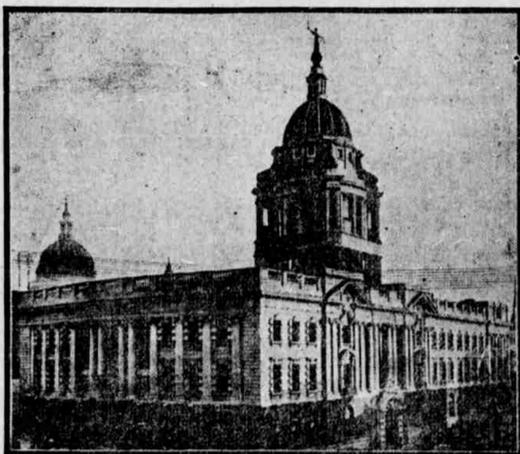


Princess Clementine, of Saxo-Coburg-Gotha, who died in Vienna not long ago, was widely noted as a politician and also because of the fame or notoriety of her children. She was the daughter of King Louis Philippe of France and was born in 1817. In 1843 she married Prince Auguste of Saxo-Coburg-Gotha, who died in 1881. Of her four children three are widely known—Prince Philip, whose abuse of his wife, daughter of Leopold of Belgium, drove her to an asylum; Prince Ferdinand, who rules over Bulgaria and Princess Clotilde, who has lost much of her great fortune by engaging in wild speculation. King Louis Philippe looked upon Clementine as his favorite child. She had a natural bent toward politics, and Bismarck, who said that she was the only woman he ever dreaded, declared that she was without principle. She was responsible for the placing of her son, Prince Ferdinand, upon the Bulgarian throne. Until the young man was married she practically ruled the nation.

When Louis Philippe was driven from France Clementine took up her residence in London, where she intrigued for the return of her father and, later, her brothers to Paris. In money matters she showed great ability, and by wise investments greatly increased the large fortune left to her by her father.

About the only thing people borrow, which they are not expected to return, is trouble.

HISTORIC PRISON OF LONDON VANISHES.



LONDON'S NEW CRIMINAL COURT.

The new central criminal court of London stands on the site of old Newgate prison, which was pulled down in 1902. The foundation stone of the new courts was laid in December of that year. The building has a frontage of 287 feet to the Old Bailey and of 142 feet to Newgate street. The dome is surmounted by a figure of Justice. The cost of the work was \$1,110,000. The main entrance is close to the ancient place of public execution.

The earliest Newgate prison dates from about 1218, when the portals of the new gate of the city were utilized as a lockup. About two centuries later it was rebuilt by the executors of Sir Richard Whittington, whose statue, with the celebrated cat, stood in a niche. It was destroyed by the great fire of London in 1665. The grimy edifice familiar to Londoners until a few years ago was erected in 1790, but the new buildings were partly destroyed and greatly damaged during the Gordon riots of that year, when 500 prisoners, felons as well as debtors, were released and let loose upon the public. Lovers of Dickens will recollect the vivid description of this scene in "Barnaby Rudge." It was here that Mrs. Fry read to the poor prisoners, and it was from this building that the notorious Jack Sheppard escaped. After 1887 Newgate gradually fell into disuse as a prison.

Lampy's Avianry.

Lampy has recently made several additions to his collection of stuffed birds. Among the most valuable are:

- 1. The Red-Beaked Puff—a rare specimen—the diet of this bird does not grow in Cambridge.
- 2. The Recepted Pade-Bill—extremely rare.
- 3. The Heartless Deene—a large and imposing-looking bird of the owl family.
- 4. The Crimson Heeloh—this bird will probably be extinct in a few years, owing to the fact that it comes under the jurisdiction of the Public Nuisance law.
- 5. The White-Winged Brooks-Sparrow (religiosum sanctum)—a bird of prey.
- 6. The Crafty Foxbird (managerialium candidatum)—also a bird of prey.
- 7. The Green Frawsh—a small and harmless bird, the common diet of the Foxbird.—Harvard Lampoon.

Not a Bad Guess.

"That queer-looking wagon the boss son was drivin'," said Casey, "is called a 'dog-cart.' I wonder 'at fur.' " "I dunno," replied Cassidy, "except that mebbe 'tis because they're drivin' 'em mostly." —Philadelphia Press.

EDITORIALS

Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

NO UNWRITTEN LAW.

JUDGE MARTIN of the Criminal Court of Philadelphia refused to permit evidence in justification of murder. In excluding such testimony he declared that there was no such thing as "the unwritten law." He argued that while at the moment of the commission of the crime, a man might feel that he had adequate provocation, after the excitement had passed and he had a chance to deliberate on the matter, he could not conscientiously say that the cause was sufficient to warrant his taking human life.

MORE WHOLESOME SPORT.

THROUGHOUT the Middle West, as in other parts of the country, athletic conditions in the high schools, colleges and universities had reached a state of disgraceful and sordid arrogance, when, two years ago, a conference of the governing boards of nine of the leading institutions of the interior took the matter under consideration. They found high school boys who had been induced to leave school a year or two ahead of time in order to enter some college which was willing to smooth the intellectual pathway in return for athletic services. Professionalism was rife, and not only winked at, but almost openly encouraged; and rivalry was so keen that even middle-aged professors found their relations with professors in other colleges strained by the hostile feeling between the undergraduates. The desire to win, and the hope of making money by winning, had killed the true spirit of sport.

NOT OVERWORKED.

Young Mrs. Blank, the wife of a new Congressman, as the Washington Post clearly shows, is peculiarly anxious that her husband shall make no mistake in the intricacies of Washington official etiquette. "I don't understand it, Tom," she began one evening. "Here we've been in Washington nearly a week, and the Speaker hasn't been to see you."

THREE CURIOUS WATCHES.

One of Ivory—Another Plays Tunes—Casaria's 7-Ounce Marvel. A man in Switzerland has just made a watch entirely of ivory obtained from an old billiard ball. Works, hands and case are all the same material. And yet it keeps very good time. The first phonograph watch was made in Paris in 1897. It was large and heavy, but was regarded as a great curiosity nevertheless. Now, however, watches that speak the hour in place of chiming them are not at all uncommon.

They are, says the House Beautiful, still somewhat bulky, as compared with the best ordinary modern chronometers, although not so much so but that they can be easily carried in an ordinary waistcoat pocket. Beneath the crystal back of a valuable chronometer owned by an English tradesman six tiny gold and silver fish with ruby eyes are seen, apparently swimming about in real water. The fish, infinitely small, are beautifully modeled, and the effect of movement in their natural element is due to a combination of hair springs with a background of quicksilver.

Far more wonderful, because of its small size, is the watch owned by the Czarina of Russia, originally presented to the Empress Elizabeth on her coronation. At the back is inset an exquisitely beautiful little model of the Holy Sepulchre, over which is seen standing, stern and motionless, a Praetorian guard. This is viewed through the crystal of the case. On opening it the imitation stones roll away from the mouth of the miniature vault, the sentry kneels reverently, angels appear at opposite sides of the opening, and at the same time there is played, softly and sweetly, the music of one of the sacred Easter songs beloved by all the orthodox Russians.

The watch weighs only seven ounces, but the maker is said to have worked at it almost uninterruptedly nine years. One of the most treasured ornaments of a London star of burlesque is an exquisitely pretty little blouse watch, which plays a couple of selections from "The Belle of New York." The watch is keyless so far as its ordinary mechanism is concerned, but a tiny key has to be used to start it playing. The music is low in tone, but very sweet and clear.

ble changes in the rules. Although great pressure was brought by some of the student bodies, the members of the athletic conference committee stood firm. Only one change was made. The rule fixing a uniform date for beginning practice was rescinded. "Even that may be restored." The colleges of the Middle West, therefore, are to have another year of cleanliness and decency and manliness in sport; another chance to learn that to win is not the main object of athletics among gentlemen, but that "the game's the thing."—Youth's Companion.

A CHANCE BEFORE PRISON.

THE movement in which several of the municipal judges and other members of the judiciary are taking much interest to encourage guilty people who are first offenders by giving them another chance before committing them to the penitentiary is in the line of thought of the best students of penology. Too often the prison becomes little less than a school of crime. The doors close behind a man once counted honest and his whole life is affected. There is more than a chance that an act counted criminal may have been the result of peculiar and unusual conditions, or may have been committed without full realization of its effect upon life and character. Kindly words of encouragement and advice may possibly save a man to his family and to society when the penitentiary would make him a confirmed criminal.

THE THREE BOXES OF CITIZENSHIP.

IT takes a bold man to defy even one woman. Bold indeed is he who openly defies a million of them. That is what Charles E. Saunders of Boston has done. In speaking against a proposed amendment to the Massachusetts constitution striking the word "male" from the qualifications of voters, he said: "American freedom depends on the ballot box, the jury box, and entire exemption from use of the cartridge box, on which both the others depend for existence." The million women of Massachusetts, more than a fourth of whom are spinsters, have views of their own. They have buried the bold Saunders in an avalanche of retorts to the effect that the men do not make complete use of the ballot box, that they dodge jury duty, and that they sometimes hire substitutes when the cartridge boxes are distributed.—Kansas City World.

QUEER STORIES

An ostrich yields about three pounds of feathers a year. Judge Charles T. Woodard, lately appointed to the Maine Supreme Court, never had a picture taken.

Some statisticians have discovered that the average woman carries forty to sixty miles of hair on her head. The Bank of England employs about 1,000 people, pays \$1,250,000 yearly in wages and \$175,000 yearly in pensions.

The island of Java is losing its supremacy as a coffee producer. The crop produced in Sumatra now almost equals it. Grenoble, France, probably manufactures more ladies' kid gloves than any other place in the world. Paris, Chautauque and Millau are also largely engaged in this industry.

All the paper for the millions of postage stamps used in the United States is manufactured at Mechanic Falls, Me. Once a month the firm receives a requisition for 1,000,000 sheets of the paper, and each sheet will make 361 stamps.

A consignment of extraordinarily fine diamonds has reached London from a new mine in the Orange River colony. The mine in question is called the Robert Victor, and is situated at Boshoff, a few miles across the border from Kimberley.

In the year 1814 the Thames froze and the English channel was for a time impassable because of icebergs. The coldest European winter on record was that of 1708-1709. It began early in October. In 1740 also the cold was so intense that birds fell dead to the ground.

A. G. Wise, secretary of the St. Helena committee in London, states that since the withdrawal of the troops, which has reduced the island to a state of bankruptcy, the only occupation of the inhabitants of St. Helena is catching rats. The government pays 2 cents each for them.

At the final meeting, on Feb. 7, of the Waterloo and City Railway Company (tube), London, which has been taken over by the London and South-western, the chairman mentioned that since the railway was completed, in 1898, it had carried 41,000,000 passengers without an accident.

A "Touching" Story. The young lady who had sat for a crayon portrait was not altogether pleased with the result. "It looks like me, of course," she said, inspecting it doubtfully, "and yet I think there are some things about it that ought to be changed."

She suggested that the eyes should have rather more of an upward look, that the right hand should be a little less prominent, that the hair should be made more wavy, and that certain changes ought to be made in the drapery.

"That would require a great deal of retouching," said the artist, "and I should have to charge you about ten dollars additional."

"Oh, dear!" she exclaimed, with a pout. "I shall have to give it up. Papa wouldn't stand my 'retouching' him to that extent."